

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

THERE came a young man to my daddy's
 door,
 My daddy's door, my daddy's door,
 There came a young man to my daddy's door,
 Came seeking me to woo ;

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldriife woer,
 Ye four-looking cauldriife woer,
 I fraightway show'd him to th' door,
 Saying, come nae mair to woo.
 And vow but, &c.

And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door ;
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I trow.
 And vow but, &c.

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came ;
 I took him in, and ga'e him a scone
 To thow his frozen mou'.

Out came the good man and high he shouted,
 Out came the goodwife and low she louted,
 And a' the town neighbours were gather'd
 about it ;
 And there lay he I trow.
 And vow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the bink,
 I ga'e him bread, and ale to drink ;
 And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until that he was fou.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.
 And vow but, &c.

The Brisk young Lad.

47

Violin

Lively

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